

The Yellow Letter

by William Johnston
Illustrations by V. Barnes

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SYNOPSIS.

Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrah to propose marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, sister of Katharine, who had been forbidden the house by General Farrah, had talked with Katharine over the telephone just before she shot herself. A torn piece of yellow paper is found, at sight of which General Farrah is stricken with paralysis. Kent discovers that Crandall has left town hurriedly. Andrew Elser, an aged banker, commits suicide about the same time as Katharine attempted her life. A yellow envelope, taken up by the case, Kent is convinced that Crandall is at the bottom of the mystery. Katharine's strange quietude puzzles the detectives. Kent and Davis search Crandall's room and find an address, Lock Box 17, Ardway, N. J. Kent goes to Ardway to investigate and becomes suspicious of a "Henry Cook." A woman commits suicide in the Ardway Hotel. A yellow letter also figures in this case. Kent calls Louise on the long distance telephone and finds that she had just been called by Crandall from the same booth. "Cook" disappears. The Ardway postmaster is missing. Inspector Davis arrives at Ardway and takes up the investigation. He discovers that the dead woman is Sarah Barker, of Bridgeport. Louise telephones Kent imploring him to drop the investigation. Kent returns to New York to get an explanation from Louise. He finds the body of a woman in Central Park and more yellow letters. He sees Crandall, whom he recognizes as "Cook," enter the Farrah home. Louise again implores Kent to drop the investigation and refuses to give any explanation.

CHAPTER X—(Continued).
"I saw Hugh Crandall leaving this house ten minutes ago," I said.
"Really?"

Her tone was cold, hard, forced, though she tried to make it sound natural.

"It was he who broke open your desk," I cried. "He wanted to regain possession of that scrap of paper and thus remove all evidence of his guilt."
"I am afraid," said Louise with the manner of offended dignity, "that you are entirely mistaken. I was not aware that you knew Mr. Crandall by sight."

"If that wasn't Hugh Crandall who came out of your house just now, who was it?" I asked, my anger at this man whom I believed responsible for the chain of evil getting the better of me. "I don't know Crandall, but I know the evil he is responsible for, for the tragedy of your sister, the plight of your father, the suicide of old Andrew Elser, the suicide of that poor woman out in Ardway. Why, not an hour ago I helped drag from the park lake a fifth victim, a poor young girl, driven to death by another of his accursed yellow letters. I found the fragments of it, water-soaked and illegible, in the lake."

"Mr. Kent," interrupted Louise, "you were kind enough to undertake a mission on my behalf and I appreciate it greatly. Certain circumstances have arisen that have entirely altered matters. I called you up last night and asked you to drop all investigations. You have said that you love me. By that love you say you love me. I know how ask you, no more—I order you to make no further attempt to solve the mystery—please, Harding, please."
Her voice broke, and with one last gesture of appeal she flung herself into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

Perplexed beyond measure with the turn affairs had taken, with my heart aching with sympathy for her, I stood watching her slender form as it shook with sobs, trying to make up my mind what to do. My heart bade me promise her anything, everything if it would bring her peace of mind, yet my brain told me that it was best for her, best for every one, if I should go ahead as my friend, the inspector, had advised.

"Louise," I began, trying to keep my voice steady, "if you will answer me one question—"

"Don't, Harding, please don't," she sobbed, lifting her tear-stained face to me in entreaty. "You mustn't. You mustn't ask me any questions. If you love me, please do just as I say."

"Louise," I replied almost sternly, "you are not yourself. Can't you rely on me? Can't you trust me? Don't you know that I will do nothing that is not for the best?"

I gathered her into my arms and held her close. I pressed my lips against her fragrant hair where it strayed from under her automobile bonnet. As she lay unresisting in my arms her sobs decreased and she became calmer.

"My darling," I said, "I know that Hugh Crandall has been here. I feel that he has been influencing you against me. Won't you do what your heart bids you and tell me everything about it?"

She drew a long deep breath and gently freed herself from my encircling arms and, facing me, looked at me with firm resolution written all over her lovely face.

"You must do what I tell you. I can answer no questions. I wish I could, but I can't. You mustn't ask me. It isn't my secret."

"The car is waiting, Miss Louise."

As the maid's voice interrupted she gave a start, and reaching her hands out impulsively to me, in more like her own dear voice, said to me: "Harding, I must go. Please trust me, and please, please, do what I ask of you. Good-by."

She broke from my encircling hands and ran to the front door.

By the time I reached it after her she was already in the car. I tried to catch the direction she whispered to the chauffeur but could not. Before I could collect my thoughts the great sixty horse-power machine had vanished around the corner.

Where was she going? It seemed to me that every hour added to the chain of mysteries in which I had become involved. I was convinced

Quarter a man alive, pour molten metal into his eyeballs, feed him salt fish and cut off water, bury him alive in quicklime, devise what torture you will and double it, the pain and agony can not equal that which comes to a man who, believing in and trusting and loving a woman with his whole heart, is forced to admit to himself that she has deceived him—that she has lied to him. In those awful hours I came to know the seven hells. I went through all of them.

Only one ray of comfort came to me. As I had asked myself "Why did she lie?" I found myself believing that she had done so, not of her own free will, but impelled by some motive so powerful that she could not resist it. That it was the influence of Crandall I could not doubt. He had so preyed on her fears for her father and sister, perhaps on her fear for me, that he had induced her to try to persuade me to give up my investigation and had made her promise to accompany him on some doubtful secret mission.

"It is not my secret."

I recalled the piteous cry my entreaties had wrung from her lips, and found the logical explanation of it in her having been terrorized by that villain, Crandall. If I could have found him at the moment I could have killed him with my naked hands.

Yet even though I was convinced that Louise had lied to me, I began to feel that whatever she had done, whatever she was now doing, was in the belief that she was acting for the best for her dear ones, for me.

My duty to her, my duty to myself, I reasoned, demanded that I do my utmost to solve the hideous mystery as free her from the fear that I was sure was responsible for her strange actions. I swung off the train at Ardway and hastened to the hotel, eager to tell Davis what I had learned about the movements of Hugh Crandall, but Davis was not there. All that I could learn was that he had hired a horse and buggy early in the morning and had driven off in the direction taken by Crandall the day before.

"If he is following Crandall's trail," said I to myself, "he is just a day too late."

So long as Davis was not about I decided I might as well see if the missing postmaster had been found. As I walked up the street I could not help thinking how dumfounded Davis would be when he returned from his fruitless chase for Crandall and listened to my tale of Crandall's actions. While he had advised against my return to the city, he would have to admit that it had not been without result.

As I entered the post-office I found that Miss Cox was still in charge. Approaching the letter window, I bade her good afternoon and asked if there was any news of the missing postmaster. It was late in the afternoon and the last mail for the day having been

"That's about the eighth-ninth time I've answered that question to-day. Seems like the whole town was in here wanting to know."

"Has the post-office inspector been here?"

"He was in here this morning and made just the routine examination. He didn't ask no questions, though I understand he has been sleuthing around up to Widow Smith's, where Charlie Rouser boards. If he's looking for anything wrong with Charlie's accounts it's my private opinion that he ain't going to find it. I've been all over the books twice today and there ain't anything out of the way."

"Have you any idea where all that



"Has Anything Been Heard of Rouser?"

money came from that we found behind the cash-drawer?"

"No, and I don't see that it's any of my affair. His books is right, and his stamps and his stamped envelopes is all accounted for. Maybe he made it in Wall street, or maybe somebody left it there with him for safe-keeping."

As I recalled Davis' parting instructions to me when I had first come out to Ardway, I was more and more surprised that he had not investigated further at the post-office. He had seemed to think that the clue to the whole mystery would be found there, and he had particularly charged me to find out to whom Lock Box No. 17 had been rented. I decided to ask Miss Cox if she knew anything about it.

"Seventeen has never been rented as long as I have had anything to do with the office. It is away off there in the corner where it is hard to see into. There's always been more boxes than there was any call for. Not one of them in the lower row ever has been rented, even in summer, when there's a lot of city folks out here."

"Do you ever remember of seeing any mail addressed to that box?"

She worked industriously at her crocheting for a minute or two before replying and then, putting it aside, said thoughtfully:

"It's funny that you should have asked me that."

"Why?"

"I don't know that I've any business telling you," said Miss Cox, as she debated with herself whether or not she was talking too much, "but I am as anxious as anybody to find out what's become of Charlie Rouser, and from what I've seen of you I guess you're a sight more likely to find him than Jim Dobbs, the constable. If I wasn't sure in my own mind that Charlie hadn't done nothing out of the way, I don't know as I'd even be telling you about it. But since you've asked me, I guess I will."

She hesitated, studying my face as if trying to read there whether or not I meant harm to the missing postmaster. I tried not to exhibit undue interest, though inwardly I felt quite jubilant. It was certain that I was on the track of important revelations.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Famous Sword Blades of Japan.
Swords equal to the famous blades of Toledo and Damascus are made in Japan by a special series of processes, and a feature of the industry is the religious ceremony that accompanies the work. On the walls of the huts in which the operations are carried on are representations of the god of the sword-makers and the chief goddesses of the Shintos. There are also bits of paper and wisps of straw, charms to keep away evil spirits. No female is allowed to enter the place, as the presence of women is supposed to be conducive to the appearance of demons, who would certainly bring disaster to the sword's mission. Prayer is offered before the work begins, and various religious rites must be performed before any one of the swords can be declared to have been well and truly made.

To Study Resuscitation Effects.
The American Medical Association is to make a study of methods of resuscitation from electric shocks. Many eminent physicians and electrical engineers are to co-operate in the investigation, which it is hoped will have important practical results.

Tact Better Than Command

Good Idea to Let "Less Criticism and More Comradeship" Be Your Guiding Motto.

"Less criticism and more comradeship" would be a helpful maxim for all homes.

It is easy enough to be pleasant to the casual acquaintance, but the great difficulty lies in being decent to those who are devoted to us—to those who are ever willing to forgive our shortcomings. There is no duty about treating your friends courteously and trying to illuminate the general monotony of the lives of those you love.

In home life tact will succeed often where command will fail. Suggestions will go farther than argument. Direction is so much better than dictation. Criticism of loved ones is a vice that takes possession of one like a stimulant, or a drug, once it is encouraged. It may begin in our so-

called high moral standard and hatred of sin. But once it becomes a habit, it is indulged in for the satisfaction it gives.

An Eden can be ruined by constant fault-finding, selfishness, and withholding the words of praise. A paradise can be created by small kindnesses and by thinking sweet and helpful thoughts of those about you.

The next time you feel like criticizing a loved one, force yourself to say something complimentary to him instead.

Try it and see if you won't be happier.

Exactly.

"Do you believe that poverty is comparative?"

"It must be when a girl complains that she cannot afford to have more than one diamond necklace for all her trunks."

The Kitchen Cabinet

OLD friends are the blessings of one's later years. Half a word conveys one's meaning. They have memory of the same events and have the same mode of thinking. —Horace Walpole.

SEASONABLE DISHES.

Wash, scrape and parboil a half dozen parsnips. Split a young chicken down the back and lay in a dripping pan, skin side up. Arrange the sliced parsnips around the chicken, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dot with bits of butter, cover with thin slices of salt pork, add enough hot water to prevent burning, and bake until the vegetable and chicken is tender.

Fry slices of thick, meaty tomatoes in olive oil, season with onion juice and salt, with a dash of cayenne. Serve with lamb chops or veal croquettes.

A thick slice of tomato, sprinkled with chopped onion and served with French dressing is a good and pretty salad.

Cocunut Drop Cakes.—Soften a half cup of butter, do not melt it, add a cup of light brown sugar, a cup of sour milk, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, and soda, two cups of flour; beat all together thoroughly, then add a half cup of shredded cocunut. Drop by small spoonfuls on buttered sheets and bake in a moderate oven. Add more flour if the cakes do not keep their shape.

English Muffins.—Dissolve an yeast cake in a quart of lukewarm milk, add a teaspoonful of salt and add enough flour to make a good batter; set to rise. When light, stir in a half cup of melted butter, and when well blended and light again, pour into muffin pans and rise. When very light, bake. Serve toasted. Butter generously and serve hot.

Marmalade Pudding.—Mix a cup of flour with the same amount of stale crumbs and beef suet chopped fine, one egg, a half teaspoonful of salt, and a cup of marmalade, orange or any other kind; turn into a buttered bowl, tie up in a cloth and steam three hours. Serve with hard sauce.

L ARCH was his bounty and his soul sincere. Heaven did a recompense so largely send. He gave to misery (all he had) a tear. He gained from heaven 'twas all he wished) a friend. —Charles Lamb.

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.

Many people have large, useful trays, but they are never used except on state occasions, while every day weary steps are taken which might be divided by ten if one used some utensil for removing dishes and food from the table to the pantry. A wire dish tray is convenient and light. If one does not care to use a tray, the dishes may be piled into it and quickly removed.

If one is handy with tools, the handy man could make, with little expense, a wheeled tray which could hold the entire meal, and remove it in another trip.

The use of paper or wooden plates in the kitchen for much of the left-over food are light and easy to handle, and not expensive to replace when soiled.

Paper of all kinds in the kitchen saves the table, saves dish washing, and is an all-round state saver. A roll of paper toweling to use for greasy dishes, wiping knives of grease and acid, wiping out greasy plates, is invaluable. Manila paper may be used for many purposes as work savers. Use it for a molding board or for crumbing croquettes, then the soiled paper can be burned, where a board would have to be washed.

A bottle of kerosene near the sink to wipe it out, will save much scrubbing.

When cooking a salad dressing or a white sauce, a custard or many vegetables, prepare more than is needed for the time being. It takes but little more fuel and time to practice this economy.

If one has a table covered with zinc in the kitchen it will save much cleaning, and is indeed a joy forever.

Keep small squares of cheese cloth to wipe the meat before cooking. These small bits are nice for use in straining soups, fats or vinegar.

Would Leave Nature Alone.

"When Nature has decided on the color of an eye, it is not for man to alter it," remarked Mr. Plowden at Marylebone in fitting a man for blackening another man's optic.—London Chronicle.

His Ultimatum.

"Papa, may I hike with the suffragettes?"

"Not if it calls for anything in the way of a special hiking costume, my dear."

Hard to Get Right Course.

Playfulness is a good means of softening social distances. A stiff, grave man is always in danger of being feared too much. On the other hand, as the self-love of many people is suspicious in the extreme, you must expect that your innocent playfulness will often be mistaken for ridicule.—Sir Arthur Helps.

The Reason.

"Why is it every kind of cause is so anxious to get into the newspapers?"

"Naturally, to give it pre-tense."

BY FRIENDSHIP I mean the greatest love and the greatest usefulness and the most open communication and the noblest sufferings and the most exemplary faithfulness and the severest truth and the heartiest counsel and the greatest union of mind, of which brave men and women are capable. —Jeremy Taylor.

WAYS OF SERVING THE OYSTER.

Before the oyster is out of market, let us try a few new ways of serving it:

Oysters a la Gordon.—Bring a cup of cream to the boiling point, add a third of a cup of bread crumbs, a dash of paprika, a pinch of salt, a grating of nutmeg, a tablespoonful of butter and a cup of chopped oysters. Cook until the oysters are well cooked through.

Oysters a la Long Branch.—Drain a pint of oysters. Cook a cupful of finely cut celery in the oyster liquor until transparent, adding water if needed. When the celery is cooked, add a tablespoonful of butter, the juice of half a lemon, a grating of the peel and three tablespoonfuls of orange or any fruit juice. Bring to the boiling point, cook the oysters until the edges curl, and serve on toast.

French Way of Cooking Oysters.—Make a sauce of a tablespoonful of butter, two of flour and a cup of tomato juice. Add a tablespoonful of chopped onion, two tablespoonfuls of orange or any fruit juice. Bring to the boil and cook until the oysters curl.

Waldorf Oysters.—Put three tablespoonfuls of olive oil in a saucepan, and a small onion sliced, a shredded green pepper; fry slowly until done, then add a pint of oysters, or more, a dash of salt, red pepper and two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly. Cook five minutes, then add a tablespoonful of tomato catsup. Roll up and serve piping hot.

M ANY a heart is hungry, starving. For a little word of love: Speak it, then, and on the sunshine Glide the lofty peaks above. So the joy of those who hear it Sends its radiance down life's way. And the world is brighter, better, For the loving words we say. —E. A. Rexford.

INVALID COOKERY.

In cooking eggs for those who are ill, it is of utmost importance that they should not be toughened.

They may be cooked from the very soft to the hard stage by using the simple method of boiling water. Allow a pint to an egg, cover the dish and keep in a warm place. If wanted hard, leave the egg thirty minutes; if wanted soft, take out in eight to ten minutes; if liked medium, take out at the end of fifteen minutes.

Egg baked in cream is a very appetizing manner of cooking an egg. Place a tablespoonful of cream in a small ramekin, drop in the egg, season with butter and salt and set in the oven long enough to cooledge the egg.

Beat the white of an egg until stiff, season with salt and drop the white on a piece of buttered toast, making a nest, then place the yolk in the center and season. Put into the oven for a few minutes to just set the egg.

Shirred Egg.—Mix together an eighth of a cup of bread crumbs and a half tablespoonful of butter; stir until well mixed. Cover the bottom of an egg shirrer or ramekin with the buttered crumbs, break in an egg, sprinkle with salt, cover with more crumbs, and set in the oven to cook until the white is set.

Coddled Egg.—Scald a third of a cup of milk, add one egg beaten slightly, cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until a soft, creamy consistency, then season with salt and a dash of cayenne. Serve with toast points or fingers.

Sometimes dainty bread and butter sandwiches will be eaten with relish when bread with butter would be refused.

Nellie Maxwell.

His One Request.

"Do you want your wife to vote?"

"I do," replied the man, who has a high idea of civic responsibility. "All I ask of her is that she won't say 'What a bother!' when election happens to come on the same day with one of her bridge parties."

His Trade.

"There goes a man who is an expert at picking locks, yet nobody stops him."

"How does he avoid trouble?"

"Never gets in any. He's a ladies hairdresser."

Just the Thing.

Husband—My love, I want something exciting to read; something really blood curdling.

Helpful Wife—Here is my dress maker's bill, dearest!—Puck.

Found Way to Win.

"I've found the key to success at last," said the poet, as he bought a twenty-five cent cigar. "I had it given out in the papers that I used to be Convict No. 78,654, and was pardoned out because the governor liked one of my poems. Since that time my books have been among the six best sellers." —Puck.

Information.

"Paw, what is a 'deadly parallel'?"

"The railway tracks at any grade crossing, Bobby."

CONSTIPATION

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods, they do not scour; they do not grip; they do not weaken; but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach, in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

Stiff Joints Sprains, Bruises

are relieved at once by an application of Sloan's Liniment. Don't rub, just lay on lightly.

"Sloan's Liniment has done more good than anything I have ever tried for stiff joints. I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work right in the middle of the year. I thought at first that I would have to have my hand taken off, but I got a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and cured my hand."

WILSON WHEELER, Morris, Ala.

Good for Broken Bones

G. G. JONES, Baldwin, L. I., writes: "I used Sloan's Liniment for broken bones above the knee and cured by a fall and to my great satisfaction was able to resume work in less than three weeks after the accident."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Fine for Sprain

MR. HENRY A. VOELK, 44 Somerset St., Plainfield, N. J., writes: "A friend asked me to get him a bottle of Sloan's Liniment. He had a sprain of his back and I applied Sloan's Liniment and in four days he was working and said Sloan's was a right good Liniment."

Price 25c., 50c., and \$1.00
Sloan's Book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free.
Address
Dr. Earl S. Sloan
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.



BIGGEST RACE PROBLEM.



"Bre'er Jones, does you think a devil is a black man or a white man?"

"I dunno; an' all I does know is—de biggest race problem is how ter keep ten yards ahead of him!"

Perfectly Clear.

"I wonder why so many trains are late?" said young Mrs. Perkins as she watched the man chalk up the figures on the blackboard.

"Well," replied her husband, "for one thing, traffic is much heavier than it used to be."

"Of course! And the heavier a load is, the harder work a locomotive has to pull it!"

And a woman either poses, supposes or imposes.

A Jolly Good Day

Follows

A Good Breakfast

Try a dish of

Post Toasties

tomorrow morning.

These sweet, thin bits made from Indian Corn are cooked, toasted and sealed in tight packages without the touch of human hand.

They reach you fresh and crisp—ready to eat from the package by adding cream or milk and a sprinkling of sugar, if desired.

Toasties are a jolly good dish—

Nourishing Satisfying Delicious

at any grade crossing, Bobby."

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